

*Modesty Triumphant over Impudence.*

OR, SOME

# NOTES

Upon a late

# ROMANCE

PUBLISHED BY

Elizabeth Cellier,

MIDWIFE and LADY ERRANT.

TOGETHER WITH

The DEPOSITIONS of *Richard Adams*  
of *Lincolns-Inne* Esq; against her, before his  
MAJESTY and the Right Honourable  
the Lords of His Majesties Privy Council.

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*Answer a Fool according to his Folly, lest he be wise in his own  
Conceit. Prov. 26. 5.*

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*Exempla creantur,  
Quæ Socci superant risus, luctusque Cothurni. Claudian.*

LONDON,

Printed for Jonathan Wilkins at the Star in Cheap-side near  
Mercers-Chappel, 1680.

Modely Printing over Dupont

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Printed at a Toll according to his Majesty's  
Command. Nov. 26. 7.

The Society of the Friends of the  
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LONDON

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March 1830.

SOME  
**NOTES**  
 Upon a late  
**ROMANCE**

Published by  
**Elizabeth Cellier Midwife**  
 and **LADY ERRANT.**

**I**N the Title page of our *Lady Errant* Romance, I see, instead of a Copper Curt, expressing her Ladyships graceless features, an odd thing, like some *Talisman*, devised and made when *Jupiter* was in *Geminus*, or the Counterfeit of a Seal of some antiquated Princess of *Jerusalem*, or of the famous Lady, the renowned Queen and Consort of *John Van Leyden*, a Taylor and Monarch of *Munster*. In this remarkable *Hieroglyphick* the following rarities are contained; One Verse of *Juvenal* transposed into false Latine; one Rag of false *Englisb*; one *Molehill*, one *Pigeon*; one bit of *Lawrel*; one old *Crosse*, one young *Crosse*, four *Infant Cresses*; one *Anchor*, and one *Rope*. My request is, that Father *Mounson*, having first obtain'd from Mrs. *Rockley*, his former Leman, a dispensation *Aurthenrick*, might before his Pilgrimage to *St. Mary of Taybourne*, rectifie this device of his Patroness.

Our Mother Midwife, or Sister of *Lymphia* (pag. 1.) doth boldly enter, or rather *Mounson* the Friar, *Paine* alias *Nevill* the Slop-seller, and *Gaulbury* the Butcher, enter in her shape, and make her remind us; That she was once a *Protestant*, but afterward became a *Papist*, and in that Religion found Doctrines agreeing to her publick *Morall*, which we doubt were special ones; then she tells us, That she hath satisfied (she hopes) any indifferent person in her first *Charge*; as also in her continuance therein. Good Mother! we shall be better satisfied when the Law hath paased upon you for your Recognition to the Church of *Rome*; you are too well skilled in the Statutes to be ignorant, that this first Page of your Pamphlet, upon prosecution, without a *Dangerfield*, may truss you up;

\* Vid. Stat. Q. El.



or send you again into *Richardsons* Garret. I shall proceed; pag. 2.  
 Our Lady being fully confirmed, thinks it her duty, through all sorts  
 of hazards (to deck old Cellier all over with horns) to relieve the  
 poor imprisoned Catholics, who in great numbers were lockt up in Gaols  
 starving for want of Bread; and some Months before she saw the  
 Countess of Powis, she workt wonders if wee'll believe her: Yet all  
 this Midwife brings out of these Mountains, amounts to scarce a  
 Mousé; First she lets us to understand; that towards the end of  
 January, 1678. she performed a solemn Embassy from Captain Pugh  
 (Castlemains Confessor, a discarded Jesuite) then in the Colledge of  
 Newgate, to Powis House in *Lincolns-Inne-fields*; then she claps in four-  
 teen lines of stuffe (which she had from *Medbourn* the Player)  
 and this she calls a *Narrative of Oats and Bedlow in Spain*; This she  
 leaves in the good Duke of *Lautherdales* hands; Then she informs  
 us, that the Lady Powis bestir her self like notable *Anna*:  
 And by her pious and charitable endeavours (says *Madam Midnight*)  
 there was a weekly Charity collection, of which I had the disposing, but  
 was so far from diverting any part thereof, that I still went out of  
 Purse; Of which truth, both the Prisoners and others have been very  
 sensible since my Imprisonment. Here *Madam Errant* prepares her  
 Plea before any living Soul hath brought to her Accusation, and  
 confidently avenges she kept no contribution Money to her own  
 use: It seems the Prisoners were not very well satisfied in your  
 Integrity, good *Madam*, till you became one of them, cryed  
 Whore first, and made your Apology. Why so? No Crime,  
 no Excuse. Next she proceeds to acquaint us with a lamentable  
 Tale, How on Thursday January the Ninth, 1678, she dined in New-  
 gate, and at four a Clock coming down Stairs with five Women, of  
 which three were Protestants, we heard terrible Groans and Squeeks  
 which came out of the Dungeon, called the condemned Hole, &c. Then  
 she runs on with a Tale of one *Corral* a Coachman, of the great  
 Holes in his Leggs, and of his manifold Tortures in Newgate, how a Duke  
 threatned to run him through, beat him, pull a him by the Hair, and  
 another great Lord laid down a Fleas of Gold; that a person in the  
 habit of a Minister stood by all the while, &c.

As to the *Narrative* of Fourteen lines of *Oats and Bedlow* in  
 Spain, the true story stands thus: One *James Bedlow* the Brother  
 of *William Bedlow*, the witness, might rob Mr. *Oats*, when he was  
 in Spain, and it may be *James* hath left no good name behind  
 him there or any where else; but what's that to *William*? he ne-  
 ver behaved himself ill in Spain. Onely *Madam Midnight* and the  
 others of her Tribe, moved by their Catholick charity are here  
 and in all other places very careful not to mention *James*, but  
 to pin all his crimes upon the Innocent Shoulders of *William*,  
 thereby to render his Testimonies of their Treasons the less  
 valid.

The terrible Tales of Groans and Squeeks in Newgate, a man  
 might fear, would have put our Lady Errant and her numerous  
 five Sisters into a fright, rather than upon an Inquiry. It was in  
 truth no more than this: *Madam Errant* and her five *Trigery*  
*Mares* had dined, and drank abundance of Claret and burnt Bran-



dy in *Newgate* with *Roeb,* *Idlebourn,* *Preston,* and other Priests, and Papistical Plotters; hence coming to a fireman, their heads were inspired, and became replenished with sudden *Noises of Groans and Squeals,* not heard then, or ever since, by any of mortal race, besides themselves; At that time their Tails too, were not free from Noise; they were as egregious *Enthusiasts,* as their Noddles; and by their frequent *Popish* outwhiffled so many Flagellèts, to the admiration of all the Hearers: Then, then was the old Verse of a Drunken *Crow* fulfilled,

† *Iniquis & Capitis quæ sine discrimine nescit.* † *Juvenal.*  
A drunken *C.* keeps no *P.* *Madam Errant* this was prophetically spoke of you, many years before the *Mass-Book* was known to the world; and it is a much fitter *Motto* for your *Devise,* than that wherewith *Fryar Mounson* furnished you (out of the same Author) for your Title-Page.

All this busle of *Groans and Tortures* were only raised thus: A fellow had in a drunken humour made a Quarell in the Gaol; for which he was ordered to be punished, according to the common use of that place; this was all the matter, as it was assured by one (well acquainted with the Officers of the House) whom I got to go the same Evening to enquire, and as Captain *Richardson* will assert. Nor is there any more truth in the Romance of *Corral*, a Rascally *Hackney* Coachman, who was for some words about Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey*, committed to *Newgate* by the House of Lords, in the heat of that affair: This being *Squeezed and basted in a Trough,* looks like some Legend invented or new vamped by *Friar Mounson*; and the Ridiculous actions of the *Duke*, the *Lord* and the *Parson*, are such as no man in his wits can believe; like that other the *Papists* framed about the same time, concerning the Cow-keeper of *St. Giles*, and the Lase of Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey's* Gravat. The said *Corral* hath lately, before the Right Honorable the Lord Maior, under his hand and upon Oath, denyed he was aly ways tortured, or that any *Duke*, or *Lord*, or Minister were with him in *Newgate*, or ever acted any such thing as this *Madam Errant* relates.

Next she proceeds to the *Grand Intrigue* of giving *Dangerfield* a visit in *Newgate*, about the tenth of April, 1679. where in very humble and religious words he beg'd her Charity, and then gave her *Articles* against Captain *Richardson*, as she saith; which are such notorious, wicked, stupendious Lyes (and in many places of her Pamphlet, contradicted by her self) as none but a Mistress of such impudence, such a brazen brow'd Procuratrix, such a Buckle and Thong of Leachery, as *Elizabeth Cellier* the *Popes* Midwife, living in *Strandel-street*, would ever have dared to publish; Arraigning the City of *London* therein for Cruelties, not much inferiour to the bloody *Papal* Inquisition: It concerns that Honourable *Metropolis* to vindicate its reputation; as, I doubt not, but it will in due time.

The 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. pages, are replenished with *Stuffe* and *Affidavits*. She acquaints the Reader how she got Mr. *Dangerfield* over to the *Bench*, and indeed (as her Gorefather *Satan* hath sometime spoke truth) she very honestly confirms his *Narrative*. Then

bespatters the *Earl of Shaftsbury*, with most false, most improbable and Nonsensical Incongruities; as any one, who hath but even heard the name of that Prudent and great man (one of the wisest of Mortals) will easily believe. The *Earl of Shaftsbury* do here positively avers, had neither then, or ever since, a Servant named *Johnson* (she calls him so, that she says transacted with *Stroud*;) Neither did any of the *Earls* Servants ever see Mr. *Stroud* in the *Kings Bench*, except Mr. *Stringer*, who upon the first Notice of this Fable in 1679. went over to Mr. *Stroud*, who gave under his hand before Witness, *That he never saw any of the said Earls Servants to his knowledge, in all his life.* Among her many stout and Resolute Champion-Vouchers, or people of *Affidavit*, to make up the Act (according to ancient and Modern way of Comedy) she induces *Anno Mosely*, the notorious, infamous Bawd; who (his true) stood not in the Pillory, nor had the Credit of the Cart; her slipping away after Sentence, and getting over into *Holland*, prorogued her Penitence, but never yet pardoned her Offences or her Fine; a fair pair of Heels being all the Pardons she ever yet had for her many years practising Nefarious Arts. She being not pardoned, whether her *Affidavit* for the Catholick cause, be better than *Dangerfields* Oath after his Pardon, for that of the Protestants; or whether two Bawds, conjoyning in *aliquo terro*, have not spoiled the Proverb, *Two of a Trade cannot agree*; is humbly left to the serious consideration of a learned Judge.

By this time it seems, Mr. *Dangerfield*, or Madam *Cellier's* pretty Spaniard, as her self used to call him, had done his work in the *Kings Bench*; she hath now occasion for his more close and secret service; therefore she becomes indefatigably sedulous to agree with his Creditors, collects a summe of Money, pays his Debts and Fees; and finding him an active Tool for her use, and adapted to perpetrate any wickedness the Popish Interest would employ him in, she takes him home, makes him first Usber to *Castlemain at Charing Cross*, in tutoring the Boyes of *St. Omers* in the three liberal Arts of *Savviness, Impudence and Lying*; which good Office he held at the Old Bailey afterwards; Madam the Errant, Midwife, confesses to attended and fetcht *Vitnals and Drink* then and there for the *Witnesses*. After such brave service, Madam (she here assumes a great deal of State) gives Mr. *Dangerfield* summons to attend her at *Pond House*, pag. 13. Thither her pretty Spaniard bent his Course, that being the ordinary Rendezvous of the Cabal; and there she lets him to know, in the presence of Mr. *Henry Nevil, alias Pain*, that now she would put it into his power to be an Honest man, if he had a will to be so; and would get him an Ensigns place under the Duke of *Munmouth*, or else an employment to go to Sea, &c. Here's a power of Ceremony more than needed; for she had a long time before lodged him in her own House, and was satisfied in his Abilities; yet our Lady Errant is resolved to keep up the Antick Mode of *Romanes*, and so will I once. Now our *Dido* and *Aeneas*:

*Aeneid*. l. 8. *Congressi jungunt dextras, mediisque residunt  
Adibus, & tandem licito sermone fruntur.*

[ ]

*Cell.* My *Pretty* *Servant*, all that is in my power, I'll do it for thee. And what is not in my power, I'll do it by Sea and Land dare deny thee nothing. Their Wives, their Maids, are all in my Hands; for I bring them all to Sea. The rolling Waves of the Surly Ocean are calm to meet the Hots in Aspiring Mountains bow themselves to me; the Woods, the shady Groves, the fertile Plains do me Homage; because those who command them, do so: Nay, the Azure Skies with the Stars therein, act as I bid them. Is not *Gadbury*, their Secretary, the Servant of my Foot-stool? Does not he remember and forget, deny and avers, swear and Forswear what I would have him think, say, do, and be?

*Dangerfield.* Your Authority is very large, *Madam*.

*Cell.* As for the Maids, they are my Handmaids. Don't I direct the Pen of the great *Shew* here present? I taught him to Pray in Verse to the Saint and Martyr *Coleman*: 'Tis I manage the immortal *Genius* of the Learned *Mansur*. Am not I a chief Counsellor and Confident to the Right Honourable and High-sou'd *Viceroy*, in whose Palace we now reside? Do's not she Trot up and down to gather Contributions for the distressed Catholics? and when she hath got a Purse, doth she not commit it to my Pocket, and my Distribution? Believe me, I'll let some stick to my own fingers; she that serves at the Altar ought to live thereby. We'll not want Money, my Boyes; let the Catholics feed upon Meditations; we'll live well in the mean time.

*Dang.* When we are gone, all's gone with us, *Madam*.

*Cell.* But here's a small Job to be performed ere we arrive at our Haven of happiness. A person or two must be put out of the way. Come, come, you shall not go to Sea nor be an Ensign; you are a good man for the Holy Cause. Stars are strong as *Gadbury* hath assured me; you'll keep your Coach and six Horses, and then you shall marry my Daughter. A *Presbyterian Plot* is contrived; you must have a part in that Play, you know; but in the mean time, I have taken a care to put you into business; to pretend to gather up some old, rotten, desperate Debts for my Husband.

*Dang.* I am willing to serve you, and the Cause, with my self, Dear *Madam*.

Such like Discourse as this past, which our *Lady Errant* puts into another form in her Pamphlet, and tells the World their great Care and Piety to make Mr. *Dangerfield* honest, and of her diligence to provide him places. But no doubt it is an Egregious Fable, as even her own story makes apparent. For the Engines of *Satan* were then most busily contriving a Plot, and how to make the World believe the *Dissenters* were the Authors thereof. In the mean time, the *Presbyterian Plot* goes briskly on; and stands as a Screen to shadow their other Real Plots, and long contrived Villanies. Mr. *Dangerfield* is now clothed, and replenish'd with Money, and to endear him the more, taken into *Celler's* Bed, furnished with *Daggers* to assassinate the *King*, and the *Earl of Shaftsbury*; Committed to frequent the Coffee-houses as a Spy; thus Mr. *Dangerfield* is now transformed into an Honest man, according to the Catholick Doctrine of Mrs. *Midwife* before mentioned.



Sir R. Peiton is next drawn in, and meets the Earl of Peterborough by our Midwife's means, at Gadshus house; then by her Midwifery handed to the Duke of York, and she tells us, his Royal Highness received him kindly, and Sir Robert made Prostrations to serve, &c. I hope he will. And then she goes on, pag. 114. to persuade all people that, For his part, it was not motive; but her Loyalty and Duty to his Majesty, and Love to Truth and Justice, that engaged her. Very fine indeed! To endeavour the total ruine of multitudes of good and faithful Subjects, to provide Regicides and Daggers to destroy the Person of her King, in our Midwife's Catholic Cant and Charity, is Loyalty and Duty to his Majesty, and Love to Truth and Justice. I believe such a piece of Hypocritical Impudence cannot be found in the Annals of any Age. Here Friar Munson (for he compiled this Scene) hath outdone all the Priests, that ever went before him; here the Devil is proved an Ass, degraded, dethroned, and our Midwife placed on his Tribunal. Here are the Verses of Pope Pius the Second truly fulfilled, the Confidence to the Righteous is now retributed; Do not the Lord up and how to punish the Wicked, and how to reward the Righteous. *Non audeat Stygius Damon redire, quod audeat Effraus Monachus, plenus fraudis Anus.* Now matters ripen apace; take it in our Midwife's words Epitomized.

Sir William Waller and Colonel Mansel come with present pay; The old Rump Officers are now rig'd, and Pensioners paid them by the Kings head Club; Commissions are given out in the Names of the Keepers of the Liberties of England, in Parliamt with thirteen Seals at them. She encourages Dangerfield to go on; gives him Money and Instructions; They write down all; they both go to the Earl of Peterborough with what they had writ; He presently brings them to his Royal Highness; to him they deliver their Papers for the Kings use; his Majesty gives it to Secretary Coventry, and commands Dangerfield to attend Colonel Hallfall with more of his Discoveries, orders him to do the better to enable him to proceed.

Let me here crave liberty to enlarge upon this, more than I have on others of her Stories, or than I shall hereafter. When the Popish Cabal found their wickedness laid open, and their Malignations to change the Government and Religion discovered to the whole Kingdom, and condemned by the Representatives thereof in full Parliament, not being able any longer with their old pretences of Loyalty, Services, Sufferings for the Crown, and such other stale stuff, to stave off their impending punishments, and finding their many little Tricks and Projects, they had practised since their Plot broke out, to prove Abortives, resolv'd to turn the Tables and try a New Game; which was this. They Plot up a Plot against their old Plot, and pretend Republicans, or Presbyterians, Independants and other Dissenters, are the Authors and Actors; and not considering that a second Villany was as unlikely to palliate the first, by this means they conceived it possible to beat out one Nail with another, and if not totally to ruin down the old Plot,

Plot, to cool and damp it, and to replenish the sickle heads of the vulgar with many odd stories and jealousies; to fright the Episcopal Clergy and Church Protestants, with fears of *losing their Livings and forms of Prayer*; and to perplex the King (I humbly beg Pardon if I think amiss) with doubtful thoughts, and Redintegrations of designs, like former troubles, *revolutions and Commonwealths*. The Effects of their contrivance in a measure answered their expectation; to which the late Stubborn behaviour of the five *Jesuits* and Mr. *Langborn* had not a little contributed. These men by their many Imprecations and asseverations at the Gallows, had made several persons, who believed themselves Masters of much reason, turn *Scepticks*, and strangely Staggered the uncertain Populace, who were not skilled in the Politicks of the *Society of Jesus*. In like sort a certain Author, all this past Summer hath been carefull to store the Stalls with his *Roman Rhetorick* by way of Introductory preparatives to this Volume of Lyes, published (but contrived by the Popish faction) under the name of *Celliere*. The *Jesuits* well foresaw (they being subtil men) that, if they had confessed any thing, not only their favourers, but even their very Zealots and Bigots would have fallen off; Their Cause would have been ruined, beyond all hopes of Recovery in these, or future times. They being obliged to obey, and believing their Priviledges were sufficient in *foro Conscientia* to secure them in this world, and in the World to come, made no bones to utter any uncouth and unusual Ejaculations. To convince all men of their Jugling, here follows one *priviledge*, taken from many more of the same sort, that the *Jesuits* have, or enjoy as their own, by Communication from another Order; The Book was Printed at *Antwerp* by *John Meurse*, 1635. and entituled, *Compendium Privilegiorum & Gratiarum Societatis Jesu*.

*Quicumque ex nostris penitens & contritus Nomen Iesu in mortis articulo nominaverit, plenariam omnium peccatorum suorum, etiam de quibus, nisi morte preventiretur, confiteretur, indulgentiam Consequitur.*

*Concessum est per Leonem Decimum Confraternitati Caritatis de Urbe ut habetur in Privilegiis impressis. Fol. 72. pag. 2. & Fol. 135. pag. 2.*

Whosoever of ours, penitent and contrite, at the very point of Death shall name the Name of *Jesus*, obtains a plenary Indulgence for all his sins, even of those, which unless prevented by Death, he ought to confess.

Granted by Pope *Leo* the Tenth, to the Confraternity of Charity of the City, as it is had in their Priviledges Printed. *Fol. 72. pag. 2. and Fol. 135. pag. 2.*

Our Midwife informs us further, *Dangerfield*, about the latter end of September brought to her Stories of the great preparations of the factions; that *Goodwin*, *Alfop* and the rest made great Collections; That *Sir William Waller* had three hundred Horse-men; that the City were ready to rise, &c. And about that time *Dangerfield* got Drunk at the *Rainbow Coffee-house*, and pickt a Quarrel about *Sir Thomas Player*; Thereby made himself obnoxious to the Republicans; lost hopes of getting a Commission, and then swore, God Dam him, now the Papists will give him no more Money,

he would go to the *Presbyterians*, and they would give him enough. In the beginning of October, Dangerfield went to attend Secretary Coventry for a Warrant, but was refused. Then she advised him to go by the Custom-house way, which he did, and seized the Papers that are put into the Aleak-Tub, where Sir William Waller found them, and October the 27. Dangerfield was committed to Newgate. At night Sir William Waller (saith he) came to her, would have had her to my Lord Shaftsbury, which she refused, he tendered her the Oath of Supremacy and Allegiance; she questions his Authority, and pleads she is a Foreign Merchants Wife, and menaces him with the French Ambassador, and with the King of France; whose Subject her Husband is; Dangerfield sends for Susan her Maid, howls, and says he shall be hanged, but would not accuse her, desires to know what Waller said to her, she sent her Maid back to him with this following Note; I have said you were taken into my house to get in desperate debts. — they bring me to L. S. they will ask me who encouraged me to go to him? I will say it was you, it cannot worst you; This she said because it was truth, which she always thought best; he howls again, is afraid of being hanged, writes a long Epistle to her, all which she hath forgot, but that part concerning his Torments all night; he presses her to send him victuals, and a promise of it under her hand; by which she perceived he was a Rogue, yet sends him as an assurance, her Parents and her own Motto; I never change. At nine of the clock Sir William Waller sends her to the Gate-house with a Note to Church; which was a Commitment, for harbouring and corresponding with Traitors, and for refusing the Oath of Supremacy and Allegiance, which were never tendered her. We'll leave her in her enchanted Castle, and make some observations on her Fables.

The Reasons why the Catholick Caball began the Sham Plot, and why the Jesuits turned Lacedemonians, and became so constant at the Triple Tree, (indeed in the opinion of all discreet men, rather obstinate Villains) hath been briefly shewn: The ridiculous stories our Midwife tells of Preparations, Collections, Risings, are no more than Chymera's, and silly abortive Brats, begotten by the Lords and Ladies of the Popish Caballs, and brought into the World by her wicked Paws. Dangerfields quarrelling with the *Presbyterians*, and presently swearing he would go to them, is a pretty Contradiction, and by her self made out to be false; for after, when the Secretary denies them his Warrant, she advises Dangerfield to the Custom-house way; which was under pretense of searching for prohibited Goods to get into Collonel Mansel's Chamber with their Treasonable Letters, &c. and leave them, and then find them there themselves. Now if ever she had imagined Dangerfield false, her great Conduct did not appear in dealing further with him; to be plain, his swearing to go to the *Presbyterians* then was a meer lie, and she and her Secretaries no better than Fools, to invent a Story that they themselves presently contradict.

Yet this wicked and impious Stratagem, clearly demonstrates that the whole Pack of Papists will not Boggle to commit the greatest Villanies to attain their ends. Here an Innocent, Loyal and Honest Gentleman, of an Ancient and Honourable Family, who had never wronged them, must be sacrificed else their Plot cannot appear: A Plot that would have made thousands of guiltless Persons obnoxious to the Laws they never had transgressed. But by the mercy of Almighty God, that commonly protects the Innocent, and the Collonel's active Care and Diligence,



gibbet, their facinorous attempt miscarried, was disrobed of its fair Mantle of Fig-leaves, and thus dechided, exposed to the whole Kingdom as a *Ridiculous*; only the *Authors* and *Abettors* thereof have not received (tis great Pity) their due Payments for their great deserts and merits. *Dangerfield* was committed to *Newgate*, *Gadbury* to the *Gatehouse*, the *Counsellor* *Pavis* to the *Tower*, *Ricaut* to *Newgate*, by the King and Council. Our *Midwife* now (you may see by her foolish excuses, little *Tales* and *Lies*) makes many windings and doubles in her Course, like a weary Hare: She writes to *Dangerfield*, and gives us a piece of her *Enigmatical* Epistle; which she says, she doth, because it was *Truth*; receives an Answer from him, by which she perceived he was a *Rogue*; yet sends him an assurance of her assistance, together with her Motto; in which I say, she was a Fool to trust one she knew was a *Rogue*, if what she tells be truth. Now *Sir William Waller* snaps her up, and would have her to the *Earl of Shaftsbury*, (as true as the rest) but she refuses, because she had been to attend that Honourable Person with a *Dagger* in her Placket not long before; she refuses likewise the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance, because she knew she could not keep them; scolds and Railes out, she's a Foreign Merchants Wife, will bring Ambassadors and Kings of *France*, and I know not what *Goblins*, to *Hector* for her; forgetting what Opinion all the Judges gave under their hands in 1678; in cases of Foreign Merchants: yet (God knows) her Husband is no more than a Broker to Foreign Merchants, and her self a Brokersess of Buttocks. She adds further, that *Sir William* sent her to the *Gate-house*, for denying the Oaths of Supremacy and Allegiance that were never tendred her. *Fy!* *Friar Mounson*, and thou the Noble *Nevill*, learn to put your next matters better together for shame; *St. Coleman* will not hear the Prayers of such *Dunderbells*; He's ashamed of the foolish Contradictions ye make your Votaries to commit. Did not your Vehicle just now quarrel with the Justice, and deny the Oaths; and in the same breath you make her say, they were never offered her?

In the interim, *Mrs. Dangerfield* turned honest, confess'd the whole Intrigue, and had his full Pardon ordered him by the King and Council. November the 1<sup>st</sup>. Our *Lady Errant* was brought; she saith, before the Council, where she is very Comical, and talks like a woman of Wit, to the Lord Chancellor; on a sudden turns serious, and a man would think Religious, for she kneels, not to say her Prayers, or confess her Crimes, but forsooth, to beg the King that she should not be tortured, and to wish His Majesty would not believe her: and I presume she had her wish.

Observe, this woman makes a horrible stirre with Tortures in divers places of her Legend, as in her foolish *Tales* about *Prancey*, *Cerral* the *Coachman*, &c.

The intent our Papists have in telling such miserable Stories, is, not only to Intoxicate the more simple People, and their own Bigots, but to asperse the King, Lords, Commons, Laws, Judges, and in effect all the Kingdom, with Barbarous Cruelties, thereby to make the whole *English* Name and Nation odious to all the known world.

Our Laws and Customs never allowed Tortures, (there being even Statutes against them) as all knowing Papists understand well enough; though I am not Ignorant that *Father Parsons* and *Verstegan* have in former times foisted upon the World *Campian* wracking in the Tower, and Pictures of Tortures; from some of whose scandalous *Tales* and Sculptures

Sculptures, I suppose Friar *Monnson* and *Henry Pain* framed our Midwives tortures, Racks, Troughs, Pofts, with an Impudence improved beyond that of those wicked Apostates and Impostors, their more innocent Predecessors.

Neither do our proceedings against Criminals require any tortures; for with us a Party accused, after saying *guilty* or *not guilty*, is by twelve men cast or acquitted. Now the Course where the Imperial Laws are used is much different; there is a necessity for tortures, and by *lex talionis*, of Executions too, unheard of and impractical in our Nation.

Our Midwife was again recommended to *Newgate*, but alas! at *White-Hall Gate* she began to quicken; a pretence she often made use of, during the several times she was had before the Council, and fell into a swoon: arriving at *Newgate*, in contradiction to her former lyes, she writes she had a very good Bed in *Captain Richardsons House*, and a Maid Ordered to lye in the Room with her. This Maid she corrupted to carry Letters in Bottoms of thread for her. Pag. 19, 20, 21. she replenishes us with a Dialogue between her self and Mr. *Dangerfield* in *Newgate*: A Dialogue, I should rather call it a Dream; because *Dangerfield* never saw her face in *Newgate* after her Commitment thither; Here she huffs with many rants and resolutions, stollen out of Romances and Playes; and after she hath sufficiently applauded her self, concludes pag. 22. with a pitiful Tittle rattle of being locked up close in a Room, not suffered to have a Breath of Air, her Bread, her Linnen, her every things searht; yet she saith, *Captain Richardson* suffered her to go into a large Room that looked into *Doctors Garden*; contradictions we must Pardon.

Pag. 22. and 23, affords us another of her Dialogues or Dreams between Sir *William Waller* and her self; where the Lady as the tale is told, proves too hard for the Knight. Pag. 23. After she had turned up her Hoods, and had, after some Questions and Answers, given the Lord Chancellor the Lye, she with her wonted impudence in making Sir *Thomas Doleman* put in words (as she says) into her letter that were not there, most shamefully abuses the whole Council; then she introduces Mr. *Gadbury* with his *Jupiter in Gemini*, &c. Then she hath another Fling at the *Earl of Shaftsbury*; and jumbles together a Hodg podg of senceless fopperies, of a Coach, of Mr. *Shepherd*, of the figure of One; of the *Earls* thinking her an excellent woman, with such like stuff, altogether as improbable and untrue, as her former tales of *Stroud* and *Johnson*, her Affidavits made by *Hill*, *Woodman*, (the Jesuits Porter) *Anne Moseley* the Bawd, her nameless Voucher or Knight of the Post, and such like worthies of the *Kings-Bench*.

Next time (pag. 24.) she is brought before the Council, after her Hoods were turned up, and prattling abundance of sawcy Impertinencies, she attacks her Maid *Margaret* with stealing a Silver Spoon. And being asked whether she is with Child or no? makes answer, She is not certain, telling the King and all his Council (Oh most imparalle'd impudence and Ingratitude!) This is a time in which no compassion is shown to Sex, Age, nor Condition. Ingrateful wretch! with what face durst you put such a Lye on a King, without whose pity and Compassion neither you, or any of your party had now breathed the air of England. A King even guilty of Clemency and goodness towards his Enemies: what severities have been practised in his Reign? what Sex, Age, or

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Condition, was he ever incompassionate to? He deserves from you and your party, more Loyalty and other Repartees.

Page. 27. She was before the Council, and holds on her old way of Lying and Impudence, translating then one Mr Adams of Lincoln's Inn, whole Depositions against her follow.

The Examination of Richard Adams of Lincoln's Inn, Esq; upon Oath, taken the 28<sup>th</sup> day of November, 1679. before His Majesty, and the Right Honourable the Lords of His Majesties Privy Council.

**T**His Examinant saith, that about two or three years since he became acquainted with Mrs. Cellier a French Merchants Wife, upon the account of being a Lawyer, and a Commissioner upon the Statutes of Bankrupt, and about the 24<sup>th</sup> of September, last past, he was prevailed with to give Mrs. Cellier a Meeting at the Devil Tavern near Temple-barr, to consult with other persons about the Management of a discovery of a long conceal'd Estate of one Mr. Dowdeswell a Bankrupt, a Debtor unto Mrs. Celliers Husband 500 l. as she said. And at her first entrance into the Room, she was accompanied with one Mr. Dangerfield, alias Willoughby, who suddenly began the Duke of York's Health in a glass of Wine; and observing that this Examinant had omitted naming the Health, Mrs. Cellier urged this Examinant to gratifie the Gentleman her good friend therein; being complied with by this Examinant, then Dangerfield attempted to engage this Examinant in a discourse with him, reviling persons of the Presbiterian persuasion: his design not taking effect, Mrs. Cellier passionately expressed great Affections unto this Examinant; declaring, that she was lately arrived in England, and desired to know of this Examinant, what was become of the old Popish Plot; Condoling the condition of our Kings lost of Reputation beyond Seas, for shedding so much innocent Blood, as persuaded thereunto by that wicked Villain Shaftsbury; bidding this Examinant have patience but one Month longer, and he should see the Plot blown up with a Witness: And that his Royal Highness was restless untill the Plotters were discovered: saying thus, Their Names are well known unto us, they are many in Number, and Great ones: and bidding this Examinant not to stand in his own light, said she was in a capacity of raising his Fortunes, saying, she spake affectionately unto him, and telling him that he was more capable of serving the King and Duke of York's Interest, than other persons were, being a Cast-off at Court. To which sayings this Examinant replied, Unless she meant his being turned out of the Commission of the Peace in good Company, not with Fools or Knaves. And further saith, that Mrs. Cellier was full of discourse, in extolling the great charity of the Lord Powis's Lady towards the distressed Catholicks in Prison, blaming this Examinant for not improving his Interest with his Lady, who had expressed great kindness for this Examinant: Adding further, that this Examinant's Propbetick sayings unto the Lord Powis, at his Casual meeting of his Lordship in Lombardstreet,



gave him great disturbance, relating unto the Death of Sir Edmondbury Godfrey; And that Mrs. Cellier at their departure out of the Devil Tavern, earnestly desired this Examiner to see her at her house, boasting, that the Lady Powis often did her the Honour of calling upon her at her House.

Our Midwife, pag. 27. assures the Lord Chancellor, that Mr. Adams helpt to cheat her of 500 l. Mr. Adams had never any concern with her, but as a Commissioner upon the Statutes against Bankrupts, when her Husbands Estate was seized by the Commissioners Warrant, and prized at 32 l. or thereabouts. Yet this woman Proclaims very confidently to the World, pag. 31, 32. that singly and alone, without the help of Man or Woman she hath expended 1000 l. in the Common Cause. Methinks she was very uncharitable to herself, not to spend a little in her own Cause: perhaps she believed the Sheriff of Middlesex and his Bums were poor distressed Catholicks, and esteemed them fit objects for her charity, and accompts the 32 l. (the price of her Goods) among other great summes expended in her Pious uses. Notwithstanding her great Goodness and Liberality, she attacks Mr. Adams, and threatens him with a Letter, that she pretended was writ by the Duke to the Lord Chancellor, to his Detriment: Mr. Adams said, he had done her no wrong; and not believing (nor any body else) that she had such power with the Duke, she impudently replies, *She had done him many secret Services, and as long as men kiss their Misses and Wives, nothing could be deny'd her in raising any mans Fortunes, especially that of a Disbanded Justice*, intimating Mr. Adams to be such, which might be on this occasion: One Timothy Baldwin, alias Corron, a Priest, and another person, after they had conversed with Harlots in Whetston's Park all night, (which was the night of a Sabbath day) they blew up in the morning a Quarrel with other Bullies, and were with their Comrades sent to Gaole by Mr. Adams, then a Justice of Peace: For which perhaps he was Disbanded.

To conclude, after she had with abundance of Impudence railed the King and his Chancellor, she was remanded to Newgate.

Pag. 30. We finde her before the Council again, where there is a question about a Walk upon Tower Wharfe with a Lord Chief Justice, and one Sir George Wakeman is mentioned, with ten thousand Pounds, which our Midwife saith she read in Pamphlet. I never saw any such Pamphlet, nor such Walk, but leave them both to Father Time, the Man-Midwife of truth, to bring forth and take care of.

When she hath intollerably affronted the Council, related many things in her own praise, told another idle Tale of the Earl of Shaftsbury and his Nephew, of Penn the Quaker, and sorted in impertinent fopperies of Achitophels, Absaloms, of Sir R. Perton transformed into Husband, of her ten thousand Pounds Expence in the Common Cause, and given a peculiar Character of her own Modesty, she goes on to her Trial; and declares she was Arraigned April the 30<sup>th</sup> 1680. at the Kings Bench Barr, before Sir William Scroggs the chief Justice, for High Treason: That on May the 14<sup>th</sup> she made a step to Westminster Hall again, to hear some News of her Trial, where she found the Court, it seems, sitting; and being acquainted that her friend Gadbury was not well, after she had told many querulous Lies of her Husband

bands Josses, bespattered the Lords of the Council, and bestowed a few Complements upon the Lords her Judges; the chief Justice very civilly makes answer, *That the 11<sup>th</sup> of June, is appointed for her Trial, according to her desire; and then bids the Keeper of Newgate take her back, and use her with respect: And I hope Captain Richardson obeyed the voice of his Lordship.*

*June the 11<sup>th</sup> (being the day of St. Barnabas) is come, our Lady Midwife takes Coach for the City of Westminster, arrives at the Hall, is conducted to the Court, where she finds the Lords, her Judges expecting her coming. This great Personage understanding that her Name as a Confessor, was already in the Roman Kalender, is not willing to have any but Saints or Holy Men of her Jury; (not considering what a puzzle the Sheriff would be put to, to provide such for her) and requises, *That no body, that had not taken the Sacrament lately, might be of her Jury.* At last twelve such are agreed upon, (though no Saints) as, she says, *she believed were Honest Men, and would do her no wrong; I believe so too: Then to work they went. The King's Council, Sir Creswel Levins, Attorney General, Sir John Maynard, Sir R. Sawyer, and Sir George Geoffreys: They produce their Evidence, (viz.) John Gadbury, Thomas Dangerfield, Margaret Jenkins, Susan Edwards, &c. Gadbury according to the Licence his Cousin Madam Celliers granted him before the Council, pag. 29. swears against her to this Effect.**

*That he knew nothing of the Plot; that he had carried the Names of four Gentlemen, Friends to Sir R. Peiton, to the Duke, to have them made Justices: That one Smith and another Gentleman came to him, to go to the Lords of the Tower, to swear against Mr. Oats; that he had heard her say, Dangerfield told her of a Presbyterian Plot, and Commissions: That when the Attorney shewed him the Attestation, which he had sworn, and given the Council under his hand, he saith, he did it for fear of hanging. Then after large Commendations of himself, and his true Protestantcy, of Madam Celliers Loyalty and great Integrity, he merrily concludes with a Joke; That Mr. Dangerfield had sworn him into the acquaintance of Lords and Ladies, whose Honourable Phisnomies he had never seen.*

Observe how ill this ungodly Southsayer's Tale hangs together: He knows of no Plot; yet presently owns that Cellier told him Dangerfield had told her of one. As to his making of Sir Robert Peitons friends Justices, (except himself was meant to be one) 'tis altogether Impertinent: So is the other Fable of Smith and a Gentleman, nothing to his purpose, except he can, by stitching Lies upon the back of any man he knows, extenuate his particular Crimes, and wipe off his own wickedness. The Attestation, of which Mr. Attorney reminded him, indeed concerns him nearly; though he was very brief in his Answer, it is reasonable the World should know the Truth, which amounts to this: That his Accusation of Treasons against Cellier and others, that he had sworn, and put his hand to at the Council Board, whilst he was in Jeopardy of his Neck, must be judged no longer True than till the King had pardon'd him, and releas'd him out of the Claws of March, in order to serve his Majesty and his Native Country: But after he had got his Black

Box, Good night *Nioll*! He'll serve his Cousin *Madam Cellier*, and like a Profligate Mifcreant, in Effect deny the very Paper he had sworn and sign'd a Month or two before. Let Mr. Attorney argue these matters with this Commandment-Stretcher; Ple commit him to the care of his Cousin, his Captain, his Gobler, and his Friend Young Squire *Tongue*, till they devise New Plots to Confound Old ones, and make future Work for Pillories.

Our Lady *Errant* runs on, quotes Statutes, dictates Law to the Judges; next says, the Judges made an Excellent Discourse about Fellony, which she hath not given us, *because*, as she confesses, *she hath forgot it.*

*Susan Edwards* her Maid swears (her Friend *Dangerfield* swore not that day) that she carried two Notes to *Dangerfield* in *Newgate*, (after he was sent thither by the Council) two Books of Accompts, one Guinny, and Twenty shillings in Silver, from her Mistress, with this Message, *Now was the time her Life lay in his hands.* Our Midwife found this pinch, grows very angry, falls a scolding, and charging *Susan* with robbing her, asks her, *if she ever knew any dishonourable thing by her?* *Susan* answers in the Affirmative; which seeing our Midwife hath not fairly brought it to bed, I shall truly relate. Our Lady Midwife, one Sunday Morning, weary of her Dull Husband *Cellier*, Rouses him about six of the Clock, packs him out of doors to Masse; then wills *Susan* to reach her a clean Smock, she washes her body with Rose-water, Powders and Perfumes her self, slips to Bed again; commands *Susan* to place certain Sweet-Bags under her Head and Buttocks, and then to withdraw: *Dangerfield* enters, *Susan* locks the Door unknown to the Amorous Couple; the Lock being a double spring forbids *Dangerfield's* Exit, without the kind assistance of *Susan*. Our Adulteress fairly tells her Judges and Jury, this was no Treason comprehended in the Act of *Edward the Third*. Yet she says, Sergeant *Maynard* made some malicious Reflections thereupon: Next after some more *Bawdery*, she writes, that the Chief Justice made an Excellent Speech, some of which she gives us in these words:

*Of what sad Consequence it would be, to admit such profligated wretches to give Evidence; and that the three Kingdoms might rue such a dayes work; and that it would be an Inlet to the Greatest villanies, to destroy our Liberties and Estates.*

If that grave and wise man made such a speech, no doubt he had Reason for it: Then *Dangerfield*, for all his black Box, is found guilty of a Felony and Burglary at *Windsmore Hill* in *Essex*, by a piece of Paper: *Robert Tetterton* and *James Eaton*, after they were often call'd, not appearing to swear he was the man. To conclude, *Madam Cellier* is very formally acquitted, prays for the King, and his Royal Highness, and her Judges, and marched away about her business. *Dangerfield's* Stars were not so auspicious: he being recommended to the Marshall of the Kings Bench, is well beaten, and civilly put into a hole. This was the Tryal of *Elizabeth Cellier* and *Thomas Dangerfield*, and our Midwife concludes her story, as her Cousin *Gashbury* did his Swearing, with a Jest.



Jest. Instead of Guineys she pays her Jury Complements, telling them, *she will deliver all their Wives with the same facility they delivered her, and that she had defeated her self against a Dragon and four Knights, when she had no Sir George to stand by her.*

I find in *pag. 48.* and her last mention made of one *Merry Thom* of *St. Ann's Lane, Westminster,* and a marginal account how we may have better knowledge of him, in *talking with his Father, Brother, Sister, &c.* That he is called, *the Parliament's Tetter, and Council Ever-Dropper.* This Gentleman, whom 'tis supposed this Feminine Piece of Wickedness doth here traduce, avers, he hath not usually been near the Council-chamber since the *Meal-tub Plot,* (when his being by her *Libt* rankt for a *Traytor*, caused him to be there to vindicate his Integrity,) neither did he ever ply in the *Lobby* to help to save Criminals in Parliament: He lay in Prison for his Father's debts, which many of the Creditors had probably lost, if he had not been so honest as to have become their Pay-master; and his Brothers and Sisters portions had never been given them, or come to their hands, without the Interposition of his Industry, care and diligence; which they have been so far from gratefully acknowledging, that they have hindered him by their carriage some thousands, in the Sale of the Estate, and undeservedly reproached him.

I read in *pag. 30.* of our Midwives late Tryal at the *Old-Baily,* that she very boldly presses the Court to take notice of her remarkable Loyalty; and amongst other Lyes, protests, *she ventured her life through Seas and Armies to serve his Majesty;* This I take notice of, because in her Pamphlet, *pag. 27.* she confidently tells the *Chancellor and Council,* *she was never out of England.* I shall rake no further into her *Durghill* of Lyes and contradictions; but leave her in her Armour on a Theater, erected and provided at the publick charge for a person of her deserts; whence, like her *Bandito Mengone,* *she is made famous to Posterity;* may Regale her self with the choice Sweet-meats sent her by a great Foreign Minister, and get into the *Roman Kalender* so soon as she can, by her manifold merits of Lyes, Treasons and Adulteries.

*A few Remarks on the Lives of Padre Leonello Andersonio de Mounsonio, and of Don Henrique Pagano Nevillano de Slopponio.*

**P**adre Leonello was born in the Land of Lincoln, was a Scholar under Mr. *Dugard* at Merchant-Taylor's School, London; afterwards he was sent to *Eaton*, thence to the University, where he became a Papist, as many others do in those much celebrated Mansions, and since a Fryar Dominican.

He had not Friar'd long in London, when he found many very zealous Votaresse; among the principal whereof was one Madam *Roxley*, a handsome proper Woman; this holy Woman was

wholly devoted to the service of our strenuous and strong-backed Friar; he fed her inward Woman with the miraculous discourses of his Mouth, and her outward Woman with the Marrow of his Bones; one Board, one Bed, was used by them, whilst the Husband and Cuckold old *Rockley*, past away his time, as an Anchorite in the *Kings-Bench*.

Our *Friar* could not always feed on *Capon and White-broath*; being likewise obliged in Conscience to spend himself in the assistance of divers holy women; he found out other Commons; but mark how ill luck! often treads on the heels of Virtue. One of his *Devots* put his *Pedro* in that disorderly course, as could not be managed by *Jimman* the Priests Surgeon in many Months; and it is feared his Cure is not yet compleated; nor may be, till *John Katch of Clerkenwell*, Student in Physick and Chirurgery, undertakes it.

Oh Gratitude! art thou ascended into Heaven, or run away to the *Antipodes*? could this wicked Friar leave his *Rockley*, who nursed him so kindly? who in the view of *Merry Tom* of *St. Amos-Lane*, swathed him the night he was put into bonds; even then, when his note of *Oath-swallowing*, under his friend *Weld's* hand, stood him in little stead? couldst thou, I say, leave thy dear *Rockley*, to handle such a piece as *Besse Cellier*, and beget a *Sowterkin* upon her body, out of no other end, than to preserve her from the Pillory, and raise the price of *Bullocks blood* and *Whiting skins*?

*Don Henrique Pagano Newillano de Slopponio* was born nine months in his mothers belly, and twice so many at her back; He is descended from the illustrious House of the *Pagans*; to recite here the roll of his Pedigree would be needless and tedious; let what he himself hath imparted to me, suffice; That he is able to deduct and derive himself from a high descent, the Source whereof is Nine miles and a half above the Clouds. When he was endued with so much of the Liberal Arts as enabled him to read and write his Native Tongue, (which is all the Learning he ever had, or like to have) he became an Apprentice to a Slop-seller, I mean, a man that vends Indian Gowns, Petticoats and Dildoes. In a short time he fell in love with his Masters Maid, a buxome Girle; *Lucrece* (for that was her name) lisped a little, which was rather a grace, than injury to her speech; her Eyes were black and sparkling; her Nose of such exactness, as it might have served Statuaries to make Noses by; neither was her Heart composed of *Flints* or *Diamonds*: She believed, she, and all others of her Sex were sent into the world for a further purpose than to see and to be seen. In a little while she gave our Prentice that which once gone, as the Wife observe, is never to be found again. *Lucrece* is grown fat on a sudden; her Mistress discovers the matter, turns her out of doors; and the Parish to prevent a Charge, put our Prentice under a Guard of men that bear Long Staves; who by virtue of a Note from some Person of more Power and Worship than themselves, transmit him to a certain Mansion near *Clerkenwell*; where, after the Discipline in such cases usual, he is recommended to give his attendance at a Hemp-block. How he got out of this place of thralldom, I can give no very good account, part of the Records being unhappily lost.

'Tis certain out he got; for we find he afterwards ran away from his Master, and then he was seen in the Land of *Essex*, with a Trencher in his hand, in the service of an honest Gentleman, whose Daughter he perswades to go away with him, and assumes the Name of *Nevillano*; In time he became Servant to a renowned Knight call'd *Segnior Don Elizio Letonio*. The Proverb *Trim tram* was most exactly compleated in this *Master and Man*; For 'tis generally affirmed by all honest People, that *Segnior Don Elizio* and *Don Henrique* have Epitomized the Villanies of Modern times, and Monopolized them to themselves. Over these two Worthies sail into the Island of *Jerne*, where they soon spawn'd an abundance of Poyson, whence venomous Beasts have grown in such plenty, that *St. Patricks* Miracle is become a meer Fiction. Here and then it was, that our *Don Henrique* transformed *Cobbs* into *Gunnies*. But after he returned to *England*, he very speedily, like a skilful Chymist metamorphos'd his *Aurum Tholosanum* into Harlots, Projects and Claret. Then he composes a Tragedy of a certain Emperour of *Constantinople*, whom he never knew; but in whose person he vilifies a certain Prince, whom he very well knows. By virtue of this Tragedy he sail'd to *Jamaica*, with some Females he had Spirited, intending there to sell *Coffee*, *Chocolett*, and *Popery*. The Governour not liking this man of mischief, seizes him, sends him cloathed in a Velvet Coat (which he had purchased in *Long-lane*) as a *Custos* to look after his Cowes. This Employ did not agree with his Genius or Garb; at length he is remitted to his Native Countrey; where being arrived, he falls to his old way of supplying the Stage with Ribaldry and Nonsense. About this time, finding *Coleman* was grown a big fellow by keeping Intelligence, and other Arts, he intends to strike into that way; gets a great House, and an Upholsterer (who is not yet paid) to furnish it; plants a tall man at his door with a large Silver Plate on his Breast; and thus our Don is become wonderful great on a sudden, not minding the Proverb, *He that will be Rich before Night, may be hanged before Noon*. Now the Plot happens to be discovered; *Coleman's* inauspicious Starres and great Friends permit him to be trussed up: Our *Don* writes a precatory Elegy to his Ghost; and is clapt up in *Salva Custodia*; where we will leave him at present to scribble, as he hath done ever since, for the *Chatholick Cause*, till he ascends the Chariot of his worthy Predecessor and Patron *St. Coleman*.

FINIS.

Advertisement.

Some Remarks upon Elnathan Radingo Soldan of Axholme, will be shortly published.